

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF
JEAN MARY PRESTON

27th December 1929 - 27th January 2021



Monday 15th March 2021
at 2.30 pm
Wilford Hill Crematorium
Loughborough Road, West Bridgford
NG2 2FE

REMEMBER ME

by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember her and only that she is gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she would want:
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.





ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSIC ON ENTRY
composed and played by Rosie Preston

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER
David Low

HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

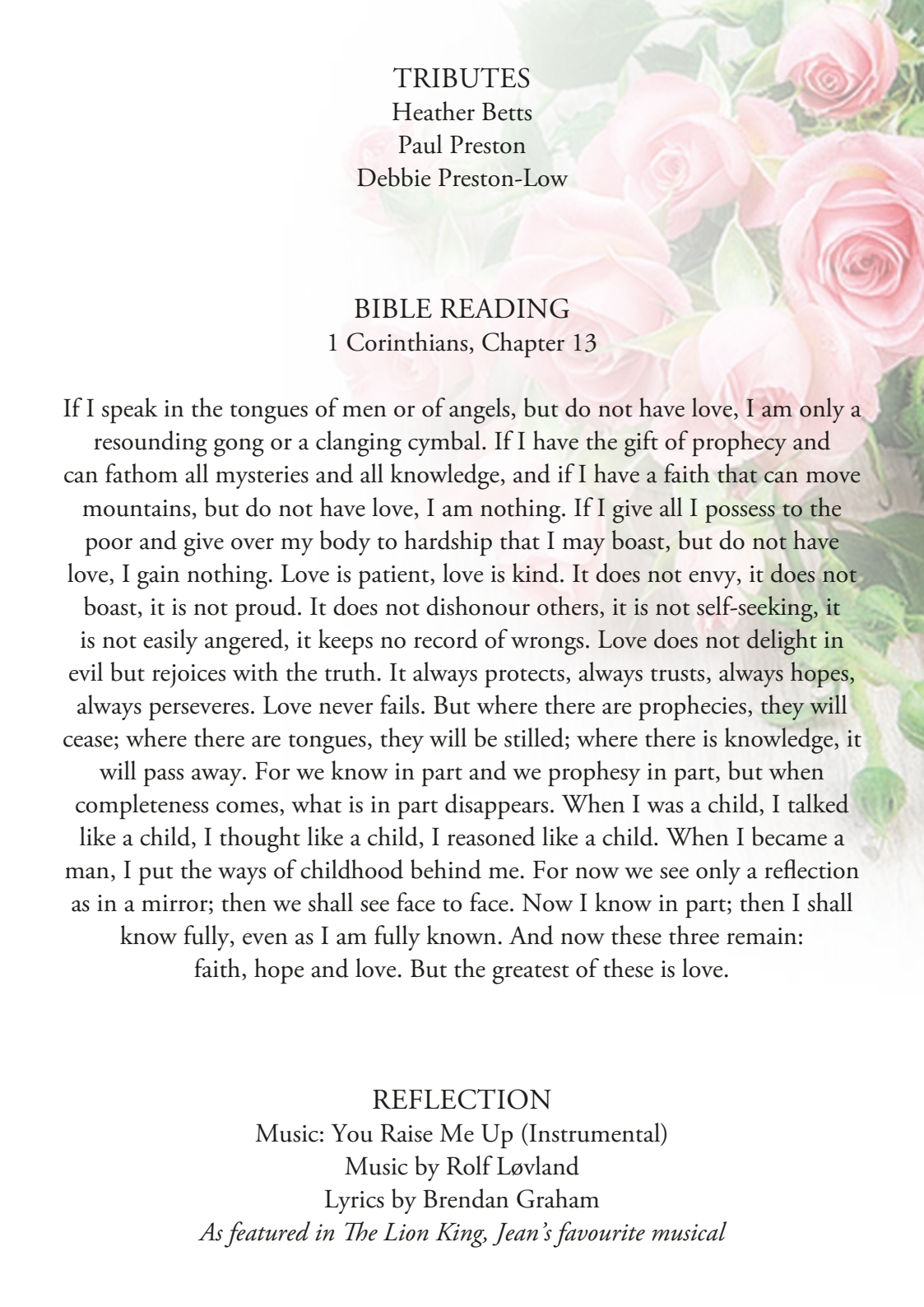
Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright and beautiful...

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden
He made them every one.
All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright and beautiful...



A background of soft-focus pink roses with green leaves, creating a gentle and romantic atmosphere.

TRIBUTES
Heather Betts
Paul Preston
Debbie Preston-Low

BIBLE READING
1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

REFLECTION
Music: You Raise Me Up (Instrumental)
Music by Rolf Løvland
Lyrics by Brendan Graham
As featured in The Lion King, Jean's favourite musical

HYMN

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me lie in pastures green.

He leads me by the still, still waters,

His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone,
And I will trust in You alone,
For Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,

And He anoints my head with oil,

And my cup, it overflows with joy,

I feast on His pure delights.

And I will trust in You alone...

And though I walk the darkest path,

I will not fear the evil one,

For You are with me, and Your rod and staff

Are the comfort I need to know.

And I will trust in You alone...

Stuart Townend

Copyright © 1996 Thankyou Music,

PO Box 75, Eastbourne, East Sussex, BN23 6NW, UK tym@kingsway.co.uk.

Used by permission.





PRAYERS

concluding with

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,

hallowed be thy name;

thy kingdom come; thy will be done;

on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,

for ever and ever. Amen.

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

LEAVING MUSIC

Could I Have This Dance?

written by Wayland Holyfield and Bob House

The family would like to thank all those who have shared, spoken or written tributes to Jean, of which these are representative.

We went to a meeting at Clumber Park and she was driving. We got lost and it was dark. She made it hilarious as we turned down a dead end that turned into a mud track! *Eileen*

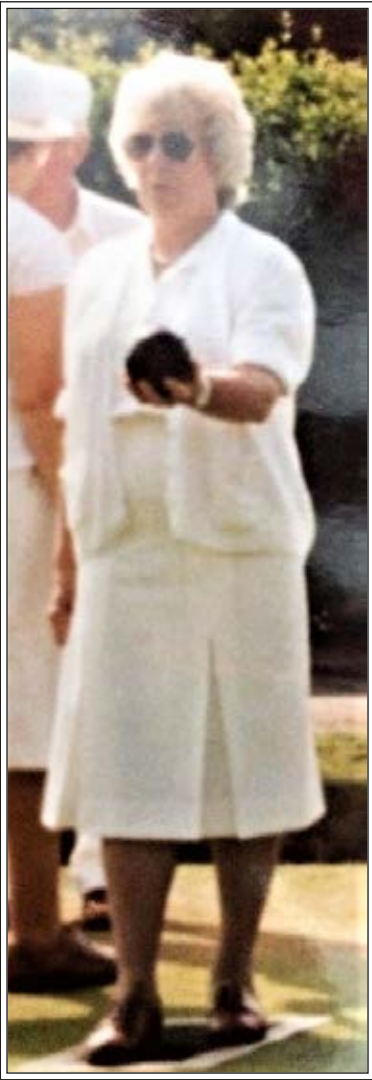
Nan was funny (even laughing at herself if she got caught in a chair), generous and hospitable (the toffee popcorn cupboard was a magical Narnia that kept mysteriously refilling) and was full of adventurous stories. We're going to miss her. *Fiona and Rosie*



I had the honour and privilege of working with Jean for a number of years at the OASIS week in Paignton. Her stage presence was amazing. She loved the interaction with the dancers, giving her all to every dance she cued. Her phrase of 'pretty to watch' will be with me and all the dancers at our club who will continue to dance to her recordings. Off stage she loved a laugh with her friends and family and was up for anything. Rest in peace, you've done it all! *Chris and Rob Branson*



Nanny and Les took me to a soft play area when I was about six and I climbed all the way to the top of the climbing frame. Then I started crying because I didn't know how to get out. Nanny came straight up to get me, crawling on all fours in amongst all the children, and appeared at the top - only to find I had found my way out and was sitting with Les eating an ice-cream. She wasn't impressed but we laughed about it for such a long time! *Naomi 'Number seven'*



She was one of my favourite people in the whole world and we just loved visiting when we were little. She always used to give us a big hug and squash us into her bosom. A most wonderful lady whom I'm so glad to have known.

Susie and Nicky

She was a lovely lady and the few times our paths crossed I was impressed with her kindness and generosity, she was a one off. *Al Green*

She showed me patience, understanding and always with a twinkle in her eye and such a wonderful sense of humour. What I really enjoyed was listening to her cueing with a lilt in her voice and that involvement of her body, even when she was cueing, she had such fantastic rhythm. She often said after a dance, 'That was pretty to watch.' Jean was one of the kindest, most thoughtful and gentlest persons I have ever had the good fortune to meet. She always had time to chat with me and have a good laugh. She will be sadly missed by so many but hopefully you, her family and friends in time to come, will be able to cherish many happy memories of her and so keep her within our hearts. *Margaret B*



Sisters, Sheila, Barbara and Jean

Jean is our cuer at Charnwood Rounds,
Exciting us all with her sweet singing sounds.
Always she dances in time with the beat,
Never stands still, 'cause she's got itchy feet!

Perfectly clear in pronunciation,
Round dance cueing is her chosen vocation.
Excellent standard of dancing she reaches,
Squares she can call and also she teaches.
Totally dedicated through all of her years,
On the beat always, she charms away fears.
Now she is getting a teeny bit older,

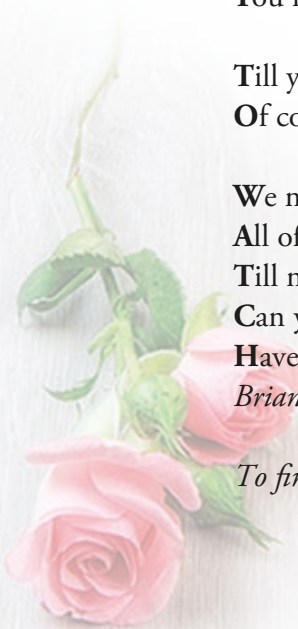
Perhaps now her cueing will become bolder.
Recently problems have not missed her out,
Even her family are having to shout;
Tone it down, Mother, or we're pulling the plunger.
Truth is to tell, dear, you are not getting younger.
You really should slow down. Perhaps five nights a week?

Till you can perk up and don't give us your cheek.
Of course, we expected that you would just moan,

We meant five REST nights! You thought two at home!
All of your life you've been real dynamo,
Till now, when we hope the speed down you'll slow.
Can you just take life easy for a little while, please?
Have a care, Jeanie - we're all on our knees!

Brian Chapman

To find out who we mean, read the first letter on each line.





The family would like to thank everyone for their kind wishes of sympathy.
We have preferred that there are only family flowers, thank you.

Jean developed a rare condition – Progressive Supranuclear Palsy (PSP)
and the family kindly request donations, in lieu of flowers, to go to the
PSP Association.

There is a link to donate via JustGiving on
Jean's obituary page on the A. W. Lymn website:
<https://www.lymn.co.uk/funerals/online-obituaries>

Cheques can be sent to Albert Oliver and Sons at the address below,
or a direct donation (via PayPal) can be made to the PSP Association:
<https://pspassociation.org.uk>

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB
www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305